

The Hong Kong Daily Press.

NO. 8134 號四十三百零千八第 日八十月二十年未光緒 HONGKONG, TUESDAY, JANUARY 15th, 1884. 二拜禮 號五十月正英港香 [PRICE \$2] PER MONTH

SHIPPING.

ARRIVALS.
January 14, Amoy, Danish steamer, 203.
N. C. Ryabach, Highnoon 11th January.
General—A. R. MARR.
January 14, Guelzora, British str., 1,139, P.
W. O. S. N. C. Co.
January 14, Amoy, British steamer, 866, W.
P. O. S. N. C. Co.
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DEPARTURES.
January 14, Amoy, German steamer, for
Hohai.
January 14, BALONA, German steamer, for
Bangkok.
January 14, DIAMANTE, British steamer, for
Amoy.
January 14, ROBY, British steamer, for
Singapore.

PASSENGERS.
ARRIVED.
Per Adia, str., from Haiphong—2 Europeans,
and 20 Chinese.
Per Geelong, str., from Singapore—290 Chi-
nese.
Per Amoy, str., from Saigon—4 Chinese.

REPORTS.
The British steamer Amoy reports left Saigon
on the 13th inst., and will reach Hongkong
about 11th, after which moderate
weather is expected.

FOOCHOW SHIPPING.
January.
1. One-shin, Chinese str., from Shanghai.
January.
1. Denonah, British str., from Shanghai.
1. Denonah, British str., from Shanghai.
1. Denonah, British str., from Shanghai.

SHANGHAI SHIPPING.
January.
1. King-ton, Chinese str., from Nippon.
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INTIMATIONS.

"FILTRE RAPIDE"
Removes all Organic and Inorganic Impurities, Lead, Copper, and Poisonous Gases. It treats the Water.
It can be taken to pieces and cleaned in every part.
It has been awarded
Special Medal of Merit by the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain.
Silver Medal National Water Supply Exhibition, London.
Two Silver Medals International Food Exhibition, London.
Two Certificates of Merit by Sanitary Institute, Exeter.
Certificate of Merit International Medical and Sanitary Exhibition, Kensington.
Silver Medal Health Congress and Scientific Exhibition, Brighton.

LANE, CRAWFORD & CO.
4th January, 1884.
PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.
QUARANTINE AT EGYPTIAN AND CONTINENTAL PORTS.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for passing the Company's Steamers through the Suez Canal in quarantine, thus avoiding any detention in Egypt. The Homeward mails are now being loaded at Venice, but the Quarantine which is still imposed at this and all other Continental Ports prevents the loading of passengers and their travelling by the Company's Steamers are advised to remain on board the vessel which calls at Marseilles on route—stopping a few hours only to discharge cargo—and proceed in her direct to London, thus avoiding all quarantine delays and inconveniences. The passages of the steamers will be accelerated, and they will not call at Malta or Gibraltar.

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NOTICES OF FIRMS.

THE INTEREST AND RESPONSIBILITY OF J. WARD HALL, D.D.S., in my Dental Practice CHASER on the 15th December, 1883. I. H. WINN.
Shanghai, 1st January, 1884. [125]

MR. ALFRED HENRY JACKSON is authorized to sign the name of our firm per procuration.
DUNN, MELBYE & Co.
1st January, 1884. [178]

THE INTEREST AND RESPONSIBILITY OF MR. HERMANN FRIEDRICH MEYER, IN & in our firm CHASER on the 1st January, 1884.
MEYER & Co.
1st January, 1884. [178]

WE have this day established a Branch of our firm in Tamsui, Formosa. Mr. WILFRED CHRISTY is authorized to sign our name per procuration.
HONGKONG & SHANGHAI CO.
Hongkong, 1st January, 1884. [158]

MR. GERALD SLADE and Mr. ALEX. ANDER MOONACHIE are authorized to sign our name per procuration.
GILMAN & Co.
Hongkong and Pootung.
1st January, 1884. [159]

THE INTEREST AND RESPONSIBILITY OF MR. WILHELM REINHOLD, CHASER on the 31st December, 1883.
MEYER & Co.
1st January, 1884. [178]

FROM THIS DATE MR. E. NIEDHARDT, known as the MEDICAL HALL, THE INTEREST AND RESPONSIBILITY OF THE UNDERSIGNED IN THAT ESTABLISHMENT CHASER on the 31st December, 1883.
TH. KOFFER.
1st January, 1884. [164]

THE INTEREST AND RESPONSIBILITY OF MR. H. D. BROWN IN our firm CHASER on the 30th day of June last.
BROWN & Co.
Amoy, 31st December, 1883. [2361]

NOTICE is hereby given that on and after the 1st day of January, 1884, our Business at Amoy will be conducted by Messrs. FRASER & CO. and conducted by them on their own account.

THE AFFAIRS OF our firm will be liquidated by FRASER & CO. on the 1st day of January, 1884.
J. O. ELLES & Co.
Amoy, 19th December, 1883.

NOTICE is hereby given that on and after the 1st day of January, 1884, our Business at Amoy will be conducted by Messrs. FRASER & CO. and conducted by them on their own account.

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AUCTIONS.

THE UNDERSIGNED has received instructions to sell by Public Auction, THIS DAY, the 15th January, 1884, at 2 P.M., at his Sales Room, Queen's Road, An Assortment of JAPANESE WARE, BROZES, CHINA, EMBROIDERIES, &c.
JAMES VASEY, Auctioneer.

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NOTICES TO CONSIGNEES.

"BEN" LINE OF STEAMERS. NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES. FROM ANTWERP, LONDON, AND SINGAPORE.
The Steamship "BEN" LINE, having arrived from the above Ports, Consignees of Cargo are hereby informed that all Goods, with the exception of Opium, are being landed at their risk, into the custody of the Underwriter, and unless and until the Wharves or Boats delivery may be obtained.

NO CLAIMS will be admitted after the Goods have left the Wharves, and all Goods remaining on board the 24th inst., will be subject to risk. No Fire Insurance has been effected. Bills of Lading will be countersigned by GIBB, LIVINGSTON & Co., Agents.
14th January, 1884. [161]

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES. STEAMSHIP "TAKACHIO-MARU" FROM KOBE AND NAGASAKI.
Consignees of Cargo by the above Vessel are hereby requested to send in their Bills of Lading for Countersignature, and to take immediate delivery of their Goods from alongside. Cargo Insurance, with the exception of Opium, is being landed at their risk, into the custody of the Underwriter, and unless and until the Wharves or Boats delivery may be obtained.

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INTIMATIONS.

W. BREWER has just received
A Fine Assortment of BIRTHDAY SOUVENIRS, Large Selection of Cheap European Account Books, ready for immediate use.
FANCY COVERS for Flower Pots.
NEW JUVENILE BOOKS.
A large Selection of Books suitable for School Prizes.
All the Popular Songs and Dance Music of the day.
Fresh Supply of CAROL and other CHILDS.
GOLDEN CLOUD TOBACCO.
Cheap Cigar Envelopes, 125 per 1,000.
Cheap SQUEEZER and other PLATING CARDS.
And quantities of NEW LEATHER GOODS.
W. BREWER, Bookseller, 86, Queen's Road.

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By S. WELLS WILLIAMS, LL.D., Professor of the Chinese Language and Literature at Yale College, Author of "Tone and Syllable Dictionaries of the Chinese Language." Dr. S. WELLS WILLIAMS' "Middle Kingdom" has long occupied the position of a classic. It is not only the fullest and most authoritative account of the Chinese and their country that exists, but it is also the most readable and entertaining. The text of the old edition has been largely rewritten and the work has been enlarged to include a vast amount of new material collected by Dr. WILLIAMS during the last years of his residence in China, as well as the most recent information respecting all the departments of the Empire. Many illustrations have been added and the best of the old engravings have been retained. An important feature of the edition is a large map of the Chinese Empire, showing the latest boundaries, more complete and accurate than any map of the country hitherto published.

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FACTS.

A FRENCH LEGEND.

In the spring of 1875, when that campaign which cost the life of Turenne was about to open, nothing was to be seen at St. Germain and Paris but departures and preparations for war and the farewell of gentlemen who quitted the city and the court.

In the garden of a fine mansion at St. Germain the Countess Marguerite was walking, leaning on the arm of Count Henri de Boisbrun, Colonel of the regiment of Royal Cavalry. They both looked grave, and the eyes of the young lady showed that she had been weeping.

"Are you fully decided on this service?" asked her husband, after a moment's silence.

"It is no sacrifice," said she, "it is a favour I ask of you. I shall be much less to be killed in your absence if you will allow me to go to Lussault. There, surrounded by my children and your sister, I shall resume my old occupation of a housewife, and I shall be sure to find in the bosom of my family the consolation which I shall find in the arms of my dear Turenne, than to die myself and to go, my soul filled with trouble, to the plays and balls of the Queen."

"The King will be displeased at your absence, madame. You know he does not like that any one should leave the court, especially when the departure of some of the nobility renders it less brilliant."

"Diane will grow weary of the country," said the Count, "and will not be consoled for leaving the pleasures of the court."

"Henri," said Mme. de Boisbrun, "I would give you anything to let me go. I would not like to utter a word which might hurt you, but I am responsible for Diane, since she is the daughter of her mother. Her beauty, her love of pleasure, the attention which she attracts, the success she obtains, the favour of the King, in short, frightens me."

The voice of Marguerite trembled while she spoke, and a brilliant blush suffused her face. The Count listened in silence. He reflected an instant. I understand you," said he, "you are right and I thank you."

He kissed tenderly his wife's hand, and the same evening the Countess began her preparations for departure, in order that she might quit Versailles a few hours after her husband.

Diane de Boisbrun was born at the chateau of St. Germain and her beauty, grace, and wit had made her from her childhood the favourite playmate of the Queen and the Princesses. Lively and accomplished, she was the centre of attraction at the most brilliant reunions, and, save two years passed at the Val d'Aoste, her life was devoted to festivities. She was married to Count Henri de Boisbrun, a nobleman of the highest rank, and nothing could resist her fanciful whims. Her mother had never refused her anything, and her brother, Count Henri, elder than she by twenty years, treated his pretty sister with all the indulgence of a father.

The proposed departure of the Countess was announced to Diane and her friends with consternation. She ran to her brother and begged him to allow her to remain at St. Germain with one of her mother's friends. For the first time in her life she experienced a refusal. She burst into tears and cried: "Do you want to bury me alive in your faithful chateau?" But Count Henri was inflexible and could not be moved by a charming plea and that one reason raised on the banks of the Loire in the prettiest country in the world, with all the luxuries of life and in the company of her sister-in-law and of her nephews and sisters, could hardly be considered an inducement.

The Countess bade adieu to her husband without shedding a single tear and begged him to bless her children. "Go, my dear," said she to him, "forget wife and children and think only of serving well your King." But as soon as he had departed she fainted away and, during many hours, between life and death.

Sorely restored, she wished to set out, and some days later she was seen at Versailles and her suite were travelling slowly down the Loire towards Amboise.

The attendant of Lussault awaited them and he superintended their landing and conducted the Countess and her children to the inn of the Golden Lion. Diane insisted on being taken to the chateau. She had time before night to visit the chapel and the principal apartments. "Truly," said she, "the things of long ago know how to choose their abodes, and Amboise must be a much more agreeable abode than St. Germain or Versailles."

The next morning they set out early and the route from Amboise to Lussault was so pretty that Diane began to be reconciled with her lot, but when she passed the gloomy turrets of the chateau of Lussault, its battlements, the drawbridge and the ravens whirling round the keep, blackened by 500 winters, the young girl shuddered.

"Alas," said she, "must we dwell in this prison?"

"You shall see how pretty it is inside," said Marguerite. "I have passed many very happy days there with your brother, and I assure you that were he there Lussault would seem to me more beautiful than St. Germain."

All the tenants to the estate were assembled before the chateau and joyfully saluted their lady. The young girls and children offered them bread and baskets of victuals and baskets of wrinkled apples and pears of Tours, the only fruits and the only flowers that the season afforded. "The Countess did not enter the chateau until she had spoken to all these good people, and Diane, encouraged by her example, was very gracious to the young girls.

A chamber was prepared for her near that of the Countess, but, desiring to be free, she refused to sit on the large velvet and chose one on a higher floor. It was called the violet chamber, or the Bishop's chamber, because a great uncle of the present Count de Boisbrun, Bishop of Tours, under Henry IV., had occupied it. The violet hangings and the old windowpanes rendered this apartment most agreeable, but the lady who lived there, as she called it, was not a very agreeable person, and especially the large stone balcony from which could be seen the whole valley, pleased Diane, and she ordered her maids to bring all her luggage into the violet chamber.

"Remain up, if you like, my pretty sister," said Marguerite. "If your nephews are tired, your nephews are falling asleep, and as for me, I can sleep no longer. With your permission I shall go to bed the same time as my children. If you wish to read, here are the keys of the library, which adjoins your room. I wish you good evening."

"Mademoiselle, in Contesse is right," said Diane's favourite maid, "and mademoiselle would do well to take her bed. It is a week since we have slept in a good bed, and as for me I am longing for mine."

"Well," said Diane, "arrange my hair and go to bed, Nicole. I shall undress myself very well, for once, but I have no desire for sleep and I shall sit up, whatever you do."

Nicole did not need to be told twice. She arranged her mistress's hair, smoothed the bed, pulled the fire and retired to the ante-room where she was to sleep.

Diane took a paper and passed into the library to seek a book. She saw there a genealogical tree on parchment, ornamented with many painted and gilded escutcheons, some of which bore the arms of the chateau. She got up on a chair and read the titles, mostly Latin, announcing works of theology, history and law. Not a romance, not a novel, alas! It was a perfect library.

They grouped themselves silently around Diane and lifting their winding sheets discreetly, they looked at her with a gaze which she had noticed. She opened it and saw a winding sheet, very narrow, which led into a small room. She hesitated to ascend, when a faint light, quivered by a flap of his wing. This disagreeable incident put an end to this evening's discoveries. Diane returned to the violet chamber, went to bed and fell asleep.

The next morning she sent Nicole for an old steward and asked him whether he led this door.

"It is that of the chamber of the astrologer, mademoiselle," said the good man. "It is so called because a famous astrologer named Abenassar occupied it in the reign of Catherine de Medici. He had at first been in her service, but he was disgraced and dismissed from the chateau of Blois, he came to beg an asylum from the Count de Boisbrun, your great, great grandfather, mademoiselle. He spent many years at the chateau of Lussault, and taught M. de Boisbrun an important secret, that is, that a Christian is a Christian. They say that the astrologer was carried off in flesh and blood by the devil on account of a certain compact which he had made with him. What is certain is that Abenassar disappeared one night without any one knowing what had become of him, and that monster was greatly blamed for having maintained a disciple of Belzebub. It did not bring him happiness, he died young and suffered a violent death."

"I would like to go into that room," said Diane.

"I would not advise you to do so, mademoiselle," said the steward, "even when the door would be wide open. But it has been condemned for a very long time. It is M. de Boisbrun who keeps the key and he has never, could it be in any one. As for me, who am now fifty years, I never thought of entering that room. I have mademoiselle's other orders to give me?"

"None," said Diane, with a sulky air. "It is my rooming, it is raining, I am bored, and the only place in this wild chateau I want to go is, locked!"

"If mademoiselle would like to visit the armory," said the steward, "she would see some very curious things there."

"I don't care for the old iron," said Diane. "You may retire."

She returned to the evening, next day, every day, to stare at this locked door, and sometimes shaking it, sometimes applying an eye to the keyhole, she thought to divine what the mysterious room contained. The lock was ornamented with salamanders delicately chased, the door was of oak, and through the keyhole, she saw a Venetian glass placed on a tripod. To know anything more was impossible, and days, weeks and months passed without any change in the situation.

Now, one day that Diane, impatient at finding nothing amusing to read in the library, had decided to go upon the ladder and to examine the highest shelf, which contained some manuscripts, she threw down in moving one item, something metal, and descended from the ladder to pick it up. It was a rather thick book ornamented with a salamander. At this sight Diane leaped for joy, and rushing up the stairs, ran to try the key in the lock. She opened it, and on looking at the opening of the rusty bolt, the young girl hesitated an instant. She better, thought she, ask the permission of my sister, but she would refuse. She is so wise, so submissive to all that my brother wishes! But after all the astrologer is not there since the devil carried him away!

And this devil daughter of Eve entered the mysterious chamber.

It was a round vaulted room, lighted by a single oval window and furnished very simply. A canopy bed, whose tapestries were all in rags, a chemical furnace, a trunk, a large arm-chair, two tables loaded with creosotes and retorts, encumbered this apartment. As for the rest, neither death's head nor any other frightful thing, but many caskets and much dust. She opened the trunk; it contained only clothes which were crumbling into dust. But on one of the tables before the arm-chair and near an antique iron lamp with three burners a rather thick manuscript, bound in black leather, and whose clasps were ornamented with brilliant signs, attracted the attention of Diane. "It was open by the former occupant of this chamber had been suddenly obliged to append his labours, and indeed, the line unfinished, the pen on the ground and the overturned ink-bottle, which had stained some pages of the manuscript, showed that the vigil of the astrologer had been violently interrupted.

Diane, on seeing her surprised, took away the manuscript, looked the door and carefully concealed the book and the key in the violet chamber. That evening, when she was alone, she began to read the manuscript. It was written in French, pretty legible, and at the midnight hour Diane was still busy in deciphering the yellow pages of the astrologer's prophecy.

The next day the courier brought some disturbing news. The campaign was prolonged, General Montecuculi harassed the troops in avoiding battle, and soon after the death of Turenne discouraged the whole army. Then the couriers came no longer and the uncertainty of the ladies became so great that the Countess herself requested the Count de Boisbrun, "where at least she would have had frequent news from the seat of war."

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She listened, and three dull blows on the paneling replied to her.

Diane was a descendant of the crusaders, and she did not frighten her for her face grew pale, but she recovered herself and said with a firm voice: "If thou canst give me news of my brother, strike one blow; if not, strike three."

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She turned over the leaves of the book, placed on the table an hour-glass between three lighted tapers, and a little before midnight commenced to read a formula of evocation, which she named all those of her deceased relatives whose names she could recollect.

Twelve o'clock clanged forth from the castle clock, and the moment the last grains of sand were falling and the last vibrations of the clock lost itself in the space, the violet chamber was filled with a cold light, slowly lifted and a procession of phantoms entered the room.

They grouped themselves silently around Diane and lifting their winding sheets discreetly, they looked at her with a gaze which she had noticed. She opened it and saw a winding sheet, very narrow, which led into a small room. She hesitated to ascend, when a faint light, quivered by a flap of his wing. This disagreeable incident put an end to this evening's discoveries. Diane returned to the violet chamber, went to bed and fell asleep.

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And this devil daughter of Eve entered the mysterious chamber.

It was a round vaulted room, lighted by a single oval window and furnished very simply. A canopy bed, whose tapestries were all in rags, a chemical furnace, a trunk, a large arm-chair, two tables loaded with creosotes and retorts, encumbered this apartment. As for the rest, neither death's head nor any other frightful thing, but many caskets and much dust. She opened the trunk; it contained only clothes which were crumbling into dust. But on one of the tables before the arm-chair and near an antique iron lamp with three burners a rather thick manuscript, bound in black leather, and whose clasps were ornamented with brilliant signs, attracted the attention of Diane. "It was open by the former occupant of this chamber had been suddenly obliged to append his labours, and indeed, the line unfinished, the pen on the ground and the overturned ink-bottle, which had stained some pages of the manuscript, showed that the vigil of the astrologer had been violently interrupted.

Diane, on seeing her surprised, took away the manuscript, looked the door and carefully concealed the book and the key in the violet chamber. That evening, when she was alone, she began to read the manuscript. It was written in French, pretty legible, and at the midnight hour Diane was still busy in deciphering the yellow pages of the astrologer's prophecy.

The next day the courier brought some disturbing news. The campaign was prolonged, General Montecuculi harassed the troops in avoiding battle, and soon after the death of Turenne discouraged the whole army. Then the couriers came no longer and the uncertainty of the ladies became so great that the Countess herself requested the Count de Boisbrun, "where at least she would have had frequent news from the seat of war."

The Countess passed almost entire days and nights in the chapel, and her little ones alone could make her smile.

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She listened, and three dull blows on the paneling replied to her.

Diane was a descendant of the crusaders, and she did not frighten her for her face grew pale, but she recovered herself and said with a firm voice: "If thou canst give me news of my brother, strike one blow; if not, strike three."

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"Thou art only a foolish spirit, then," cried Diane, angrily. "Must I evoke thee in this purgatory? So, strike one blow."

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"Well," she cried, "be it so! I must know my brother's fate; and had I to call up all the other world I would do so, by the honour of a Boisbrun!"

She turned over the leaves of the book, placed on the table an hour-glass between three lighted tapers, and a little before midnight commenced to read a formula of evocation, which she named all those of her deceased relatives whose names she could recollect.

Twelve o'clock clanged forth from the castle clock, and the moment the last grains of sand were falling and the last vibrations of the clock lost itself in the space, the violet chamber was filled with a cold light, slowly lifted and a procession of phantoms entered the room.

They grouped themselves silently around Diane and lifting their winding sheets discreetly, they looked at her with a gaze which she had noticed. She opened it and saw a winding sheet, very narrow, which led into a small room. She hesitated to ascend, when a faint light, quivered by a flap of his wing. This disagreeable incident put an end to this evening's discoveries. Diane returned to the violet chamber, went to bed and fell asleep.

The next morning she sent Nicole for an old steward and asked him whether he led this door.

"It is that of the chamber of the astrologer, mademoiselle," said the good man. "It is so called because a famous astrologer named Abenassar occupied it in the reign of Catherine de Medici. He had at first been in her service, but he was disgraced and dismissed from the chateau of Blois, he came to beg an asylum from the Count de Boisbrun, your great, great grandfather, mademoiselle. He spent many years at the chateau of Lussault, and taught M. de Boisbrun an important secret, that is, that a Christian is a Christian. They say that the astrologer was carried off in flesh and blood by the devil on account of a certain compact which he had made with him. What is certain is that Abenassar disappeared one night without any one knowing what had become of him, and that monster was greatly blamed for having maintained a disciple of Belzebub. It did not bring him happiness, he died young and suffered a violent death."

"I would like to go into that room," said Diane.

"I would not advise you to do so, mademoiselle," said the steward, "even when the door would be wide open. But it has been condemned for a very long time. It is M. de Boisbrun who keeps the key and he has never, could it be in any one. As for me, who am now fifty years, I never thought of entering that room. I have mademoiselle's other orders to give me?"

"None," said Diane, with a sulky air. "It is my rooming, it is raining, I am bored, and the only place in this wild chateau I want to go is, locked!"

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